NUMB. CCCCXCI.

The SPECTATOR.

----- Digna ſatis fortuna reviſit. Virg.

Tueſday, September 23. 1712.

IT is common with me to run from Book to Book to exerciſe my Mind with many Objects, and qualify my ſelf for my daily Labours. After an Hour ſpent in this loitering Way of reading, ſomething will remain to be Food to the Imagination. The Writings that pleaſe me moſt on ſuch Occaſions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is good Authority. The Mind of Man is naturally a Lover of Juſtice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to its Nature in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding Part of the Hiſtory. This will be better underſtood by the Reader from the following Narration it ſelf, than from any thing which I can ſay to introduce it.

WHEN *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, ſirnamed *The Bold*, reigned over ſpacious Dominions now ſwallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynſault*, a *German*, who had ſerved him in his Wars againſt the Inſults of his Neighbours. A great Part of *Zealand* was at that Time in Subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himſelf was a Perſon of ſingular Humanity and Juſtice. *Rhynſault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Diſſimulation enough to paſs upon his generous and unſuſpicious Maſter for a Perſon of blunt Honeſty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could biaſs him from the Execution of Juſtice. His Highneſs prepoſſeſſed to his Advantage, upon the Deceaſe of the Governour of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynſault* that Command. He was not long ſeated in that Government, before he caſt his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of exquiſite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynſault* was a Man of a warm Conſtitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unſkilled in the ſoft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfactions which are reaped from the Poſſeſſion of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours, and Delicacies that attend the Paſſion towards them in elegant Minds. However he had ſo much of the World, that he had a great Share of the Language which uſually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Paſſion with which his Heart was wholly untouched. He was one of thoſe brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the leaſt Pity, Paſſion, or Love to that with which they are ſo much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inſeparable to a luſtful Man; and the Poſſeſſion of a Woman by him who has no Thought but allaying a Paſſion painful to himſelf, is neceſſarily followed by Diſtaſte and Averſion. *Rhynſault* was reſolved to accompliſh his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her Houſe; but ſhe knew his Character and Diſpoſition too well, not to ſhun all Occaſions that might enſnare her into his Converſation. The Governour deſpairing of Succeſs by ordinary Means, apprehended and impriſoned her Husband, under Pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correſpondence with the Enemies of the Duke, to betray the Town into their Poſſeſſion. This Deſign had its deſired Effect; and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the Day before that which was appointed for his Execution, preſented her ſelf in the Hall of the Governour's Houſe, and as he paſſed through the Apartment, threw her ſelf at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beſeeched his Mercy. *Rhinſault* beheld her with a diſſembled Satisfaction, and aſſuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her ariſe, and told her ſhe muſt follow him to his Cloſet; and aſking her whether ſhe knew the

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Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you would ſave your Husband, you muſt give me an Account of all you know without Prevarication; for every Body is ſatisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the reſt of the Conſpirators, or any other Particulars whatſoever.* He went to his Cloſet, and ſoon after the Lady was ſent for to an Audience. The Servant knew his Diſtance when Matters of State were to be debated; and the Governour, laying aſide the Air with which he had appeared in Publick, began to be the Supplicant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power eaſily to remove. She eaſily perceiv'd his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a Deſign, and relieve an innocent Man from his Impriſonment. Luſt, like Ambition, takes in all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honeſt Anguiſh, the Wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Poſture and Figure in the Vehemence of Speaking, were but ſo many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and further Incentives of his Deſire. All Humanity was loſt in that one Appetite, and he ſignified to her in ſo many plain Terms, That he was unhappy till he had poſſeſs'd her, and nothing leſs ſhould be the Price of her Husband's Life; and ſhe muſt, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he ſaw *Sapphira* enough again diſtracted to make the Subject of their Diſcourſe to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with inſupportable Affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her Husband, and having ſignify'd to his Goalers, That ſhe had a Propoſal to make to her Husband from the Governour, ſhe was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had paſs'd, and repreſented the endleſs Conflict ſhe was in between Love to his Perſon, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is eaſy to imagine the ſharp Affliction this honeſt Pair was in upon ſuch an Incident in Lives not uſed to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from ſpeaking what his Fear prompted upon ſo near an Approach of Death; but let fall Words that ſignify'd to her, He ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had not yet confeſs'd to him that the Governour had violated her Perſon, ſince he knew her Will had no Part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permiſſion to ſave a Life he had not Reſolution enough to reſign for the Safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governour, and being led into a remote Apartment, ſubmitted to his Deſires. *Rhynſault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what paſs'd between them, and with an Air of Gayety, in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Priſon: But, continued he, my Fair One muſt not be offended that I have taken Care he ſhould not be an Interruption to our future Aſſignations. Theſe laſt Words foreboded what ſhe found when ſhe came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynſault*.

It was remarkable, that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Courſe of her Affliction, utter'd neither Sigh or Complaint, but ſtood fixed with Grief at this Conſummation of her Misfortunes. She betook her ſelf to her Abode, and, after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is th Avenger of Innocence, ſhe repair'd privately to Court. Her Perſon, and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms, gain'd her Paſſage into the Preſence of the Duke her Sovereign, As ſoon as ſhe came into the Preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following Words, *Behold, O mighty Charles, a Wretch weary of Life, though it has always been ſpent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your Power to redreſs my Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Diſtreſſed, the Puniſhment of Oppreſſors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of* Burgundy *ample Matter for doing Honour to his own great Name, and wiping Infamy off of mine.*

When ſhe had ſpoke this, ſhe deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raiſe in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Proſperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day *Rhynſault* was ſent for to Court, and in the Preſence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira*, the Prince aſking, *Do you know that Lady? Rhynſault*, as ſoon as he could recover his Surprize, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highneſs would pleaſe to think that a Reparation. The Duke ſeem'd contented with his Anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Concluſion of it, he told *Rhynſault*, *Thus far you have done as conſtrain'd by my Authority: I ſhall not be ſatisfy'd of your kind Uſage of her, without you ſign a Gift of your whole Eſtate to her after your Deceaſe.* To the Performance of this alſo the Duke was a Witneſs. When theſe two Acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, It now remains for me to put you in quiet Poſſeſſion of what your Husband has ſo bountifully beſtowed on you; and ordered the immediate Execution of *Rhynſault*.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Tueſday, being the 3rd of September, will be preſented a Comedy, call'd, The Chances, as it was alter'd by the late Duke of Buckingham, The Part of Don John by Mr. Wilks, Don Frederick Mr. Mills, Don Antonio Mr Penkethman, Anthony Mr. Norris, Conſtantia Mrs Oldfield. To which will be added a Farce, call'd, The Country-Wake: The Part of Hob by Mr. Dogget, Friendly Mr. Pack, Sir Tho. Teſty Mr. Bullock Flora Mrs. Saralow.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

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